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GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING,

- 1 The Banks of the Dee.
- 2 Davy Jones' Locker.
- 3 Down the Burn Davy, Love.
- 4 The Surprising Man.



THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

Tune—Langolee.

TWAS summer, and softly the breezes were,
blowing,

And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,

I sat myself down by the banks of the Dee:

Flow on lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy banks' purest streams shall be dear to me ever,

For there I first gain'd the affection and favor

Of Sandy, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me and left me thus mourning,

To quell the proud rebels so valiant is he,
And, ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,

To wander again on the banks of the Dee:

He's gone hapless youth, o'er the rude roaring billows,
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,

And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,

The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me,

And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er
him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee;
The Dee then shall flow, all it's beauties displaying,

And I on it's banks shall again be seen playing,

While I with my Sandy am carelessly straying,

And taking again all the sweets of the Dee.

Thus sung the fair maid on the banks of the river,
 And sweetly reechoed each neighbouring tree,
 But now all these hopes must vanish forever,
 Since Sandy shall ne'er see the banks of the Dee.
 On a foreign shore the sweet youth lay dying,
 In a foreign grave his body's now lying,
 While friends and acquaintances in Scotland are cry-
 ing

For Sandy the glory and pride of the Dee.
 Mishap on the land on which he was wounded,
 Mishap on the wars that call'd him away,
 From a circle of friends by whom he was surrounded,
 Who mourn for dear Sandy the tedious day,
 Oh! poor hapless maid, who mourns discontented,
 The loss of a lover so justly lamented,
 By time, only time, can her grief be cemented,
 And all her dull hours become cheerful and gay.
 'Twas honor and bravery made him leave her mourn-
 ing,

From unjust rebellion his country to free,
 He left her in hopes of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 For this he despised all dangers and perils,
 'Twas thus he espoused Britannia's quarrels,
 That when he came home he might crown her with
 laurels,

The happiest maid on the banks of the Dee.
 But fate had determined his fall to be glorious,
 Tho' dreadful the thought must be unto me,
 He fell like brave Wolfe, when the troops were vic-
 torious,
 Sure each tender heart must bewail the chance.

Yet tho' he is gone, the once faithful lover,
 And all our fine schemes of true happiness over,
 No doubt but he implored his pity and favor,
 For me he had left on the banks of the Dead.

DAVY JONES' LOCKER.

WHEN last honest Jack, of whose fate I now
 sing,

Weigh'd anchor and cast out for sea,
 For he ne'er refus'd for his country and king
 To fight, for no lubber was he,
 To hand, reef, and steer, and house every thing tight,
 Full well did he know every inch,
 Tho' the toplists of sailors the tempest should smite,
 Jack never was known for to flinch.

Aloft from the mast head one day he espied
 Seven sail which appear'd to his view,
 Clear the decks, sponge the guns, was instantly cried,
 And each to his station then flew.
 And fought until many a noble was slain,
 And silenced was every gun,
 'Twas then that old English valour was vain.
 For by numbers, alas, they're undone.

Yet think not bold Jack, tho' by conquest dismay'd,
 Could tamely submit to his fate,
 When his country he found he no longer could serve,
 Locking round, he address'd thus each mate,
 What's life a' ye see, when our liberty's gone?
 Much nobler it is for to die,
 So now for old Davy, then plunged in the main—
 E'en the cherub above heav'd a sigh.

Down the Burn Davy, Love.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were
green.

And broom bloom'd fair to see,
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her ee';
Blythe Davy's blinks her heart did move
To seek her mind thus free;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
And soon I'll follow thee;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And soon I'll follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn side;
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride.
Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were roseey, red, and white,
Her een were bonny blue,
Her looks we like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.
Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Straight to the kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and troth
 And a bonny bride he made her :
 No more aham'd to own her love,
 But speak her mind thus free ;
 Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 And soon I'll follow thee ;
 Gang down the Burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 And soon I'll follow thee.

THE SURPRISING MAN.

Tune—A Collier there, was &c.

THERE once was a man you may think it uncommon,
 But if he said true, he was born of a woman ;
 And tho' it's scarce credible, yet I've been told,
 He was once a mere infant but age made him old.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down,

When'er he was hungry he call'd for some meat,
 And when he could get it you're sure he would eat :
 When thirsty he'd drink if you'd give him a pot,
 And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

OR AWOD VITCI

Derry down, &c.

His face was the queerest that ever was seen,
 For if it was not wash'd it seldom was quite clean ;
 He shew'd most of his teeth when he laugh'd or did grin,
 For his mouth stood just across 'twixt his nose and his chin.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,
 And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he walk'd,
 But his gait was so odd had you seen him you'd burst,
 For one leg or the other would always be first.

WAST COT

Derry down, &c.

He seldom or never could see without light,
 Yet I'm told he could hear very well in the night
 That he fell fast asleep as he lay in his bed,
 And has oft been awake in the morning 'tis said.

Derry down, &c.

When this comical chap had a river to cross
 If he could not get over he said where he was
 And tho' he did seldom e'er quit the dry ground,
 Yet so great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Derry down, &c.

Among other strange things which befel this good
 yeoman.

He was married poor soul !—and his wife was a woman ;
 Yet he sheis loving, complaisant, and mild,
 But so hard was her fate, she was never with child.

Derry down, &c.

At last he fell, sick as old chronicles tell,
 And then it is said he was not very well;
 But what was his worst in so weak a condition,
 That he could give no fee—so could get no physician.
 Derry down, &c.

When wonder he died I—but tis said that his death
 Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath:
 But peace to his bones, which his ashes now moulder,
 Had he liv'd a day longer he'd been a day older.
 Derry down, &c.

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